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Shakespeariana

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Contributions on subjects within the scope of the magazine are desired, and will receive prompt attention and reply.

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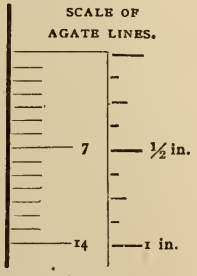

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The Old Year.

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Notes on the Merry Wives of Windsor, by APPLETON MORGAN
Bibliography of Bacon-Shakespeare Literature, by W. H. WYMAN

VALUABLE DRAMATIC, LITERARY and MISCELLANEOUS NOTES will be found throughout the volume in the regular departments of the Magazine.

Shakespeare Clubs and Classes, or isolated students will find the SCHOOL OF SHAKESPEARE department for 1887, of substantial service The plays there considered by Prof. W. T. THOM and Prof. M. W. SMITH are: *The Merchant of Venice*, *King John*, *Richard II.*, 1 and 2 *Henry IV.*, *Henry V.*, and *Hamlet.*

The department of SELECTED REPRINTS gives in Volume IV: The Prolegomena, originally appearing in the Folio of 1632; Rowe's Life of Shakespeare, 1709; Pope's Preface to his Edition of 1725.

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The New Year.

THE NEW, fifth yearly Volume of

Shakespeariana

opens with the first part of an article on "SHAKESPEARE MUSIC." Here is a corner of the ransacked Shakespearian field left almost untouched: and this attempt to gather together within the compass of a magazine article the main points of interest on the subject—accompanied as it is with a line or two of musical illustration of the "Willow Song" in *Othello*, "It was a Lover and his Lass" in *As You Like It*, and Ophelia's "How should I your True Love Know?" will prove of value to many students.

Prof. W. T. THOM'S SHAKESPEARE HISTORICAL COURSE, continued in A School of Shakespeare, takes up HENRY VI, and introduces important citations regarding the manners and customs of the time from books practically inaccessible to many clubs; to others, direction to such books will be needed or helpful.

OPEN COURT, the correspondence department of the magazine, contains letters from W. H. WYMAN and J. O. HALLIWELL-PHILLIPPS.

SHAKESPEARE CLUB REPORTS from Grand Rapids, Montreal, Norwich Town, and Springfield, give detailed descriptions of plans of study and are sure to be useful to sister societies.

M. COQUELIN'S REPLY TO MR. IRVING;

REVIEWS, by A. R. FREY, of the Astor Library, of The Mermaid Series and of Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps's Shakespearian Rarities;

MISCELLANY, and accounts of Dr. ROLFE'S, Mr. CLAPP'S, and HENRY IRVING'S lectures conclude the initial number for 1888.

FEBRUARY'S leading articles will be:

SHAKESPEARE MUSIC (Part II.), by Helen A. Clarke; DELIA BACON AS A TEACHER OF SHAKESPEARE, by Sarah Edwards Henshaw, a former member of Miss Bacon's New Haven Shakespeare Class; CHARLES KNIGHT, by J. Parker Norris.

A roll-call of societies and clubs, as far as known, now engaged in reading or studying Shakespeare, will be a feature of the February number.

Special articles of peculiar bibliographical value for publication in succeeding numbers will be: "The First Folio's in New York," by Wm. H. Fleming; "The Barton Collection of Boston," by its Librarian, Arthur M. Knapp; "The Shakespeare and Dramatic Collections of Ann Arbor," by Anna B. McMahon; "A Bibliography of *The Taming of the Shrew*," by Talcott Williams; accounts of the Shakespearian departments of The Athenæum, and The Lenox Libraries, and of the private libraries of Dr. H. H. Furness, and of Messrs. J. P. Norris and W. H. Wyman. A series of papers on the American Editors of Shakespeare may also be expected, with other features to be announced. The regular departments of the magazine, especially the School of Shakespeare, The Drama, Reviews, Miscellany, and Selected Reprints will be maintained with renewed vigor.

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Shakespeariana

VOL. V. JANUARY, 1888. NO. XLIX.

SHAKESPEARE MUSIC.

SONGS, GLEES, COMEDIES.

This is the tune of our catch played by the picture of Nobody.

—*Tempest III. iii.*

Music, ho! music such as charmeth sleep!

—*Midsummer-Night's Dream, IV. i.*

TO the genius of Shakespeare, music has offered perhaps the greatest and most lasting tribute. Casting a glance backwards through the dimming vista of three centuries, one may descry the shades of departed musicians marshalling their battalions of notes, infantry and cavalry, melody and harmony, "eager to do and die," in honor of the great genius who sits serene above. Many lands are represented in this motley procession, and many links in the complex network of musical evolution; from the quaint old sixteenth century songs, mostly in the minor mode, where joy is ever tinged with melancholy, to the glorious conceptions of a giant, Mendelssohn, or the curious and bizarre effects of a fanatic, Berlioz. Nor can be forgotten the hosts, but little endowed with divine fire, who "flourished respectably in their day,

but whose music should not, by any means, be remembered." Kind oblivion must have enveloped them, had they not chosen Shakespeare as the medium by means of which they expressed their musical ideas, and thus borrowed a small portion of his immortality.

In attempting to give some account of musical illustrations to Shakespeare's plays, one is, at the outset, overwhelmed by the magnitude of the task. When it is discovered that many of the songs have been set to music between twenty and thirty times by composers of all grades of excellence, a minute description of each and all becomes impossible. A recent publication of the New Shakspere Society of London contains the most complete catalogue as yet made of Shakespeare settings.* This and Roffe's *Handbook of Shakespeare Music*, from which the former has drawn largely, together with a few scattered magazine articles, seem to be about all that has been written on the subject.

In the time of Queen Elizabeth, the art of musical composition in England was in a flourishing condition. The madrigal had become a favorite form of vocal music, being the outcome of the Italian and Flemish schools. No better description of it can be given than in the quaint language of Thomas Morley:—

> As for the musicke, it is next unto the motet, the most artificiall, and to men of understanding the most delightful. If, therefore, you will compose in this kind, you must possesse yourselfe with an amorous humor (for in no composition shall you prove admirable except you put on and possesse your selfe wholy with that vaine wherein you compose), so that you must in your musicke be wauering like the wind, sometime wanton, sometime drooping, sometime grave and staide, otherwhile effeminat, you may maintaine points and reuert to them, use triplaes, and shew the uttermost of your variety, and the more variety you shew the better shall you please.

This was a much more varied and delightful form of composition than the canons, rounds or catches which had been, since the time of Henry III., the favorite forms of musical recreation; nor were they ousted by the more melodious madrigal. The catch continued long a

* "A List of all the Songs and Passages in Shakespeare that have been set to music," compiled by J. Greenhill, the Rev. W. A. Harrison, and F. J. Furnivall.

popular form. It was easy to learn from the fact that it consisted of one continuous melody, not written in score, the catch being that each singer must take up or catch on to his part in time. Later, an improvement was made; words were chosen so constructed that by ingenious mispronunciation and cross readings given to the different voices, very ludicrous effects were produced. This element of buffoonery, no doubt, enhanced the value of the catch much to the ordinary mind. Many were the collections of catches published at that time and on through the reign of Charles II., when the words became such, to suit the manners of the times, that the singing of them to-day may not be suffered. They used to appear with the taking title, "Catch that catch can," and were sung by clubs formed for the purpose, or, indeed, by any company of friends bent on enjoying themselves. Who has not heard Sir Toby exclaim—"But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? Shall we do that?" And the night owl is roused in good earnest when Sir Toby and his two jolly companions sing—

> Which is the properest day to drink,
> Sunday, Monday, Tuesday,

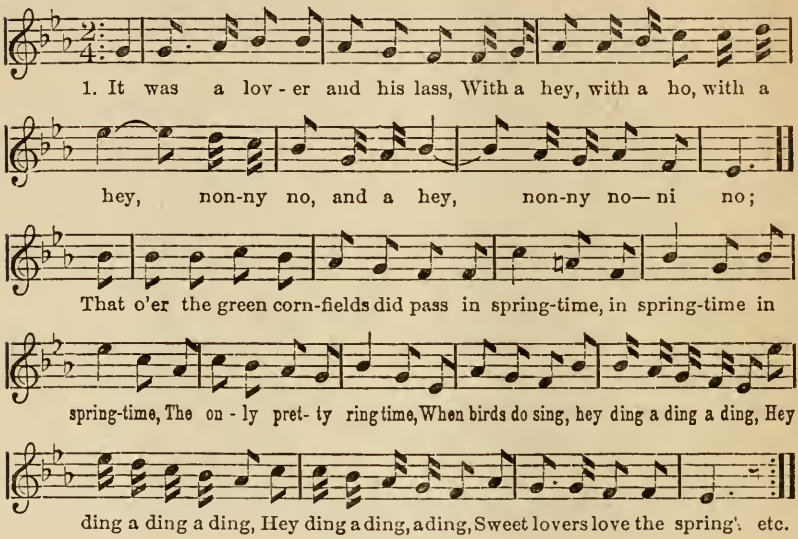
to the rollicking tune of Dr. Arne, or that other one equally jolly—

> Christmas comes but once a year,
> So let's be merry.

The words of these catches are not in Shakespeare's text, this being one of the many instances in which songs with musical settings, not incorporated in the play, have been introduced; either from an entirely foreign source, or from other parts of Shakespeare.

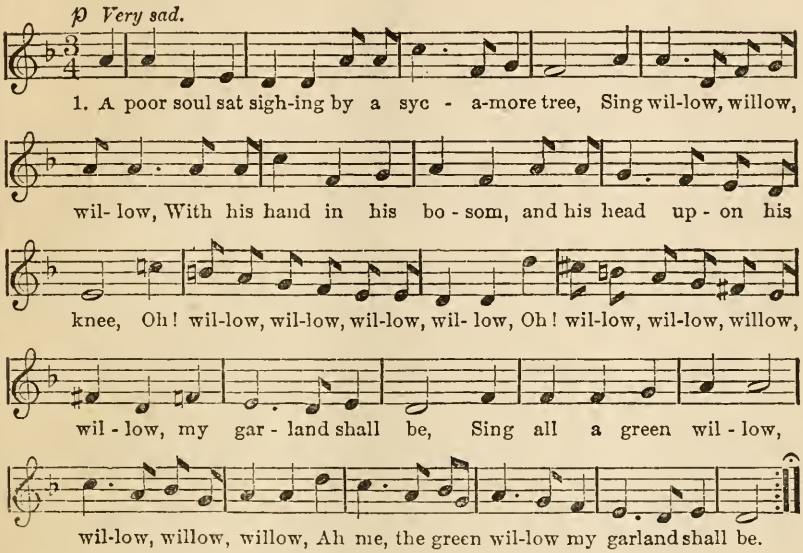
Among the first of English composers to make musical settings to Shakespeare's poetry was Thomas Morley, the celebrated composer of madrigals. Born about the middle of the sixteenth century, in 1600, he published *The first Booke of Aires or Little short Songs, to sing and play to the lute with the base viol.* This contained the pages song in *As You Like It*, sung to Touchstone and Audrey. "It was a lover and his lass," a quaint, pretty little song, with the delightful naiveté

of those ancient melodies which seems exactly suited to the words. It is one of the earliest examples of original Shakespeare music that has come down to us.


1. It was a lov - er and his lass, With a hey, with a ho, with a
hey, non-ny no, and a hey, non-ny no— ni no;
That o'er the green corn-fields did pass in spring-time, in spring-time in
spring-time, The on - ly pret- ty ring time, When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding, Hey
ding a ding a ding, Hey ding a ding, a ding, Sweet lovers love the spring'. etc.

There is, however, a still older melody, which was sung to the "Willow Song" in *Othello,* composed by one of the forgotten ones. Desdemona says her mother's maid, Barbara, who was in love, "had a song of 'Willough,' an old thing t'was; but it expressed her fortune." This song is found in Dallis *Manuscript Lute Book,* with the title, "All a Greane Willow," the date being 1583. The song sung by Desdemona is an adaptation of this ancient ballad, "The Poore Soule," being metamorphosed from a deserted swain to a disconsolate maid. There are numerous variations of this ballad found in old manuscript books, of which the most interesting, perhaps, is one mentioned by Collier; some of the stanzas of which end with the refrain, "For all the green wyllow is my garland," by old John Heywood. The following is the old "Willow Song," with the original words, of which Dr. Furness, in his happy way says: "However lovely the

melody, its charm is heightened by the knowledge that its plaintive notes once 'sighed along' the traverses of the Globe theatre."


p Very sad.
1. A poor soul sat sigh-ing by a syc - a-more tree, Sing wil-low, willow,
wil- low, With his hand in his bo - som, and his head up - on his
knee, Oh! wil-low, wil-low, wil-low, wil- low, Oh! wil-low, wil-low, willow,
wil - low, my gar - land shall be, Sing all a green wil - low,
wil-low, willow, willow, Ah me, the green wil-low my garland shall be.

He sighed in his singing and made a great moan,
Sing willow, etc.
"I am dead to all pleasure, my true love she is gone,"
Oh! willow, etc.

The mute bird sat by him, made tame by his moans,
Sing willow, etc.
The true tears fell from him and melted the stones,
Oh! willow, etc.

Come, all you forsaken, and mourne you with me,
Sing willow, etc.
Who speaks of a false love, mine's falser than she,
Oh! willow, etc.

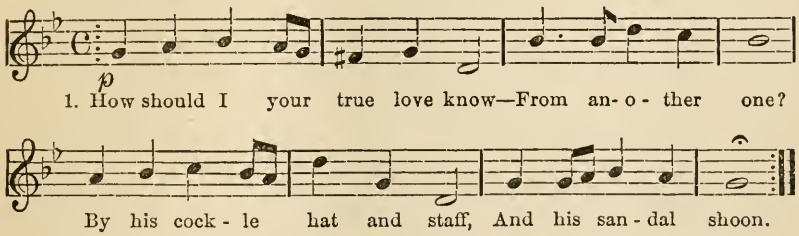
Another setting of these words as they occur in Shakespeare, than which there is none more lovely, is that of England's modern Shakespeare musician, Sir Arthur Sullivan, in which the plaintive refrain. "Oh willow, willow, willow!" seems to contain the pent-up tears of a sorrow-laden soul. Besides the settings of the page's song

already mentioned, there are, at least, eighteen others; one, written in the eighteenth century by R. J. S. Stevens. The others are all written in the nineteenth century by such well-known composers as William Linley, who wrote a duet to these words; Sir Henry Bishop, a soprano solo, afterwards introduced in the operatized version of the *Comedy of Errors;* G. A. Macfarren, a part song and several others well known to glee-singers. Another madrigal writer of the time of Queen Elizabeth was John Dowland, a lutenist, and one of the best known musicians of his time. But, although he published numerous "Bookes of Songes and Ayres," he does not seem to have written to Shakespeare's words: strange, too, is it, for is he not immortalized in one of the sonnets?—

> If music and sweet poetry agree,
> As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
> . . . . . .
> Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
> Upon the lute doth ravish human sense.

Comparatively few settings of Shakespeare date back to the first part of the seventeenth century. Although madrigal and catch-singing were cultivated by all, and the man who could not read a part at sight was considered to have neglected a very important item of his education; still, stage music, as well as stage machinery and scene painting, was in a very crude state. Opera, properly so called, was unknown until Shakespeare's comedies, especially the *Tempest, Midsummer-Night's Dream, As You Like It,* and *Twelfth Night,* in which the music forms so much an integral part of the play, that they partake of the nature of an opera; may be said to have furnished the connecting link between the old-fashioned miracle plays, with occasional introductions of music, and the opera in its fully developed form; in which, by the way, Cupid and the Furies too often disport themselves in inappropriate roulades and trills, or else stalk about in monotonous recitative. Probably, in those early days, the words were merely set to popular songs, and Ophelia and Desdemona, as well as Ariel and Titania, sang the common street ditties of the time. Oh happy, happy ditties!

Among some of these old tunes may be mentioned those sung in *Hamlet*, many of which are to be found in both printed and manuscript song books of the seventeenth century. "For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy" is found in Anthony Holborne's *Cittharn Schoole*, 1597, also in *Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book*, and in William Ballet's *Lute Book*. "And will he not come again" was sung to a portion of the tune called the "Merry Milkmaids," found in the "Dancing Master," 1650. Wm. Linley also wrote it down. The traditional airs to Ophelia's other songs, "St. Valentine's Day" and "How should I your true love know," are printed in Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*. The former was very popular having been introduced into many of the ballad operas of the eighteenth century. The following is the melancholy tune to "How should I your true love know:—



The grave-digger sang his song to the tune of "The Children in the Woods." This use of popular songs, however, except one or two instances, did not continue long. Soon, we have musicians writing musical settings to all the songs in a play; later, operatized dramas; still later, operas written to librettos founded on Shakespeare's text; and finally, overtures, some of which attempt to give an idea of the whole dramatic action of the play, with what success may be imagined.

Robert Johnson seems to have been the first to write music to all the songs in a play. He was a retainer in the house of Sir Thomas Kyston, of Hengrave Hall, Suffolk, and afterwards came to London to compose for the theatres. In 1612 he wrote music to the *Tempest*. This play, like *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, has always been an attractive field to the musician on account of the supernatural element; and many have been the attempts at music for Ariel's exquisite

songs, "Where the bee sucks, there suck I," or, "Come unto these yellow sands," or "Full fadom five thy father lies." Mendelssohn, in connection with Immerman, thought about music for the *Tempest* for years, but with no result. Possibly he felt it to be a case where unheard melodies would be sweetest. The *Tempest* was again set to music in 1667 or 70, or rather, the adaptation of it by Dryden and Davenant in which there were large additions to the lyric portions. Pelham Humfrey and John Banister divided the honors in the vocal parts, Matthew Locke furnishing the instrumental part. Humfrey wrote Ariel's songs which were sung by spirits in the machines. One of these was the celebrated "Echo Song," a duet for Ariel and Ferdinand (Dryden's version), with which Mr. Pepys was so mightily pleased that he got Mr. Banister to prick down the notes and Mr. Harris to repeat the words. The performance of this much adapted and be-musicked play was an important event in the theatrical world, which had been in a languishing state for some time, owing to the interregnum caused by the great plague and fire.

Mr. Downes, for years the prompter of the theatre in Dorset Gardens, gives an account of a performance of the *Tempest* in 1673. In his *Roscius Anglicanus*, he says:—

> The year after in 1673. The Tempest, or the Inchanted Island, made into an opera by *Mr. Shadwell;* having all New in it; as Scenes, Machines; particularly, one scene Painted with Myriads of Ariel Spirits; and another flying away, with a Table Furnisht out with Fruits, Sweet Meats, and all sorts of viands; just when Duke *Trinculo* and his companions were going to dinner; all was things perform'd in it so admirably well, that not any succeeding opera got more money.

Downes does not mention who composed the music, but it was probably by Matthew Locke who was then composing for that theatre, and mention is made in Groves' *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, of a performance of the *Tempest* in the year 1673, with music by Matthew Locke. In the same year was also performed the opera *Psyche*, by Locke (though sometimes attributed to Purcell), the first English opera, in any respect, deserving the name. But, although this opera was splendidly set out and proved very beneficial to the company, "yet the *Tempest* got more money"—so says Downes. From

all which we get a good idea of the popularity of the *Tempest* with its new clothes, machinery and music. One cannot help reverting to Lamb's remarks on stage accessories in this very play :—

> But to think by the aid of painted trees and caverns, which we know to be painted, to transport our minds to Prospero, and his island and his lonely cell; or by the aid of a *fiddle* dexterously thrown in, in an interval of speaking, to make us believe that we hear those supernatural noises of which the isle was full.

But then this remark about the fiddle is by him who wrote the "Chapter on Ears."

The first, however, to write anything of real merit to the *Tempest*, was the great Henry Purcell, who has been called the "Shakespeare of vocal art." Mr. Alexander Barrett, in speaking of him in his *Historical Development of Glees and Part Songs*, says :—

> The genius of Purcell embraced with equal felicity every species of composition. His harmonies, new and strange, together with his extraordinary and beautiful melodies, imparted new life and fire into musical composition, which produced a grandeur and force of effect till then unknown in England. . . . His was the mind out of which a school of music might have been formed which would have secured the admission of English musicians into the highest ranks of the art.

He goes on to recommend a thorough study of Purcell to all musical students, and laments the neglect which he has suffered from musicians generally. Such a man's *Tempest* must have been a revelation to those old pedants who fettered themselves with contrapuntal handcuffs, though, possibly, to our modern ears it might seem a trifle, suggestive of the bonds but lately sundered. Take, for example, the bass solo which Prospero is made to sing—"Æolus, you must appear"—the principal beauty of which consisted in the long, ornamented ascending and descending passages, lasting for three or four bars and sung to one syllable of a word, "Stor— — — — — my," "Wa— — — —t'ry," with an accompaniment in the bass of one part written in counterpoint, after each of which passages is what was probably thought at that time a ravishing interlude, in three parts, of the same general character. This *Tempest* music was written to Dryden's and Davenant's version and produced as an opera at the Duke's Theatre, in Dorset Gardens, in 1690.

Christopher Smith, Handel's pupil and friend, attempted music to an opera adapted from Shakespeare's text. The best thing in it was the song, "Full Fadom Five thy Father Lies," which for a long time was sung in preference to Purcell's music to those words. The rest of it has been completely forgotten or lost in the greater light of Dr. Arne's *Tempest* music.

On a revival of the *Tempest* at Drury Lane, in 1746, Arne supplied new music for the masque, and "Where the Bee Sucks." These songs and those which he wrote to *As You Like It* are among the most beautiful compositions of the eighteenth century. He also wrote music to songs in *Twelfth Night*, *Merchant of Venice*, a dirge in *Romeo and Juliet*, and music to the Ode to Shakespeare written by Garrick for the Shakespeare Jubilee at Stratford-on-Avon in 1796. Arne was one of the pioneers of a new development in vocal art—namely, the glee, which England has the honor to claim distinctively as her own. The production of madrigals had ceased altogether, both on the Continent and in England, during the first quarter of the seventeenth century, and the glee proper did not come into existence until the beginning of the eighteenth century, when Samuel Webbe first wrote in that form. It reached its culmination during his lifetime, and, later, was followed by the modern part song. Separated by so long an interval of time, the glee and madrigal differ in tonality; and not only in that, but in almost every other particular. The madrigal had few subjects, which were contrapuntally (and conscientiously) developed, while the glee has many, rarely at all developed, abounds in masses of harmony and in the perfect cadence—a distinctive feature of modern tonality. The sustained quality of the madrigal is, on the whole, preferable to the short phrases, changes of rhythm, and recurring cadences of the real glee; but the union of the two, or a glee with the qualities of a madrigal—such as the glees of composers like Stevens, Calcott, Horsley, and some others—is a thing to delight the sense. Shakespeare furnishes words for some of the best examples of this form of composition: those by Stevens—"Ye Spotted Snakes," "Sigh No More, Ladies," "Blow, Blow, thou Winter Wind," "It was a Lover and his Lass"—for which he received a prize at the Catch Club, 1782, and "The Cloud-Capt Towers."

Besides those already mentioned, there have been many other settings of the *Tempest.* In Germany, where the drama had so fascinated but awed Mendelssohn, there were several fools to rush in, among them Rolle and Winter, of whom some one says: "Of all respectable composers, he is the most weakly wearisome. His music could only live in the line of a dictionary." There is also a complete setting of the play by Herr Taubert, of Berlin. A writer in *All the Year Round,* about twenty years ago, speaks of this play, saying that one of the most noticeable features in it was the spectral chase of Caliban. He also mentions a production of the *Tempest* in London—Halévy's *Tempesta,* on M. Scribe's book, set for London, and sung there by Sontag and Lablache—"It has an incurable French taint in the arrangement, with its superfluous last act, which was lopped away when the opera was attempted in Paris. It should be recorded as a curiosity that the one encore gained during the performance was won by Mdlle. Parodi's spirited singing of the Franco-Italianized version of Stephano's song, 'The Master, the Swabber, the Boatswain and I,' which choice ditty," he adds, "has generally been left alone by our English composers"! The only really good things in this work were a scene for Caliban, in which *rôle* the celebrated Lablache, according to a French critic, made an immense success, being by turns terrible and grotesque, wicked and tender; and a piece of ballet music in which was introduced Dr. Arne's melody, "Where the Bee Sucks," this receiving, curiously enough, much praise from foreign critics. Two other noted French composers have written *Tempest* music—Berlioz, a scene for Miranda and Chorus, and Ambroise Thomas, whose burlesque opera of the *Tempest* is to be given in Paris this winter, when a delighted French audience will be regaled with M. Barbier's improved version of Shakespeare's play, in which Shakespeare himself figures as the lover and tenor of the play, dividing his time between the occupations of stealing deer and making love to Queen Elizabeth. There is also an overture to the *Tempest* by Benedict. These, with Sir Arthur Sullivan's music to the *Tempest,* about complete the list, to which, however, should be added a "symphonic poem" descriptive of Shakespeare's *Tempest* by John K. Paine, of

Harvard University, and which we shall have an opportunity of hearing this winter in Philadelphia at one of Mr. Thomas's symphony concerts. Sir Arthur Sullivan's *Tempest* is the best that has yet been heard, and was the means of bringing him into prominent notice. Although composed by him when quite a young man, it stood the test of public performance, having been given in London in 1861, and opened to him a career which has been crowned with success and honor.*

Midsummer-Night's Dream.—But one name comes into the mind at the mention of this fairy drama—Mendelssohn, the greatest of Shakespearian musicians. We cannot think of Oberon and Titania or the delicious vagaries of whimsical fairies without hearing in the mind's ear, "which is the bliss of solitude," the exquisite settings, "like perfect music unto noble words," which Mendelssohn has made to *Midsummer-Night's Dream.* We experience again the sensation of being spirited away to dreamland in the strains of the wonderful overture, and in a Wordsworthian spirit we exclaim :—

> And then my heart with pleasure brims,
> And dances with the fairies' whims!

The overture had been written a dozen or more years and had become a great favorite, when the King of Prussia ordered a revival of the play, with added music by the same hand. The performance was not so successful as it might have been, owing to the inadequate stage-fixings. Louis Tieck is said to have conceived the brilliant idea of making the Athenians wear Spanish dresses, because, forsooth, it was so in the good old times! An amusing story is told of the stick-in-waiting who came to Mendelssohn at the close of the first performance at court. "Charming, delicious music you have made, Doctor," said the stick; "but what a wretched, stupid play it is!" "So, you see," Mendelssohn added, "we have our Bottoms and Quinces at his Majesty's court." An adaptation from *Midsummer-Night's Dream* was performed in the Duke's Theatre about the year 1692, of which Downes gives the following account :—

* *Tempest* music has lately been written by Mr. Frank Vauder Stucken of New York, which is said to be full of talent and promise.

The *Fairy Queen* made into an Opera, from a Comedy of *Mr. Shakespeare's:* This in ornaments was superior to the other two [he refers here to "King Arthur," by Dryden, and the "Prophet," by Betterton, which had lately been performed], Especially in Cloaths, for all the Singers, Dancers, Scenes, Machines and Decorations, all most profusely set off; and excellently perform'd, chiefly the Instrumental and vocal part Compos'd by the said Mr. Purcell and Dances by Mr. *Priest.* The Court and Town were wonderfully satisfy'd with it; but the Expences in setting it out being so great, the Company got very little by it.

An opera was composed in 1745 by Mr. J. F. Lampe, called "Pyramus and Thisbe," a mock opera, of which the words were taken from *Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

The various songs in this play have been set to music over and over again by the song and glee writers of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Some of the best of these are by Horn, Spoffoth, Shields, and Sir Henry R. Bishop. The last-mentioned has written more musical illustrations to Shakespeare than any other composer. In 1816, he furnished some new music for a revival of *Midsummer-Night's Dream,* given at Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, for which he was at that time composer. This was the first of a series of Shakespearian adaptations, among which were *The Comedy of Errors, Two Gentlemen of Verona,* and *Twelfth Night.* In addition to all this, he wrote music to sixty-seven dramas and numerous other compositions in almost every form. He would be famous if known only as the composer of the universally popular "Home, Sweet Home." Mr. Barrett exclaims:—

Why have we not "Bishop" societies for the study aud practice of his works? Bishop's music is full of fascinating melody, thoroughly English, with all the characteristics of native music. When, then, the passion for the ultra-ugly shall have passed away and men shall return to their old loves and to their right minds, the charm which lightens the dark hour will be greatly augmented by the music of Sir Henry Rowley Bishop.

When do men ever return to their old loves? Bishop's music is fast approaching the archæological stage, which must be the fate of all music except that by the greatest geniuses, who, like Shakespeare, have written for all time. In curious contrast with this panegyric of

Mr. Barrett are the comments of a crabbed critic of Bishop's own day. In the *Harmonicon*, a musical journal which was published in England by W. Ayrton from 1823 to 1834, there is an account of a performance at Covent Garden Theatre of *As You Like It*, with music composed by Henry R. Bishop, to which were added the three songs written by Dr. Arne for the play. After expressing his disgust at the profanation of Shakespeare's dramas by the attempt to change them into sing-song plays, especially in the case of *As You Like It*, "a play which ranks deservedly among the most delightful of Shakespeare's works, requiring no adscititious aid to render it palatable to the present age," and the metamorphosis of which he considers indefensible, he launches forth against poor Bishop, insinuating that the only really good things in it were Dr. Arne's three beautiful songs— "Blow, Blow, thou Winter Wind," "When Daises Pied" (the words of which are from *Love's Labour's Lost*), and "Under the Greenwood Tree." He goes on :—

> The overture is of the genuine medley kind, made up of fragments of airs that are or have been sung in all Shakespeare's plays, of unconnected bits in Purcell's *Tempest*, from Arne's melodies in this very drama, and from those set by Bishop himself for the plays which he has already assisted in turning into operas. The whole of it is infinitely below the occasion.

Amusing is it to note his indignation at the change made in one of the words of the song, "When Daisies Pied." The name of the flower, "ladies'-smock," is altered to "ladies'-frock," so that the squeamish taste of our grandpapas should not be offended. He does however, find one or two things in it to admire; the opening and, ante, also "A kind of new reading produced by emphasis in the trio 'Crabbed Age and Youth,' in 'O, my love, my love is young,'" in which he thinks Mr. Bishop has deviated from the usual mode with great judgment. After which faint praise he significantly adds, "*O ! si sic ommia !*"

This cynic should have remembered that, at that time, musicians were forced, often against their will, by the managers of the theatres to make just such medley collections, culling the words as well as the

music from various sources. Among the Shakespeare settings of Bishop that have been most sung and admired are his canzonet, "By the Simplicity of Venus Doves," The sonnet, "Bid me Discourse," sung by Viola in *Twelfth Night*, and "Should he upbraid," introduced originally in *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. The words are altered from those spoken by Petruchio in *Taming of the Shrew*, II, i:—

> Say that she rail why then I'll tell her plain
> She sings as sweetly as the nightingale.

The song has been very effectively introduced in the banquet scene of the same play. All will remember having heard it last winter in the charming performance of the *Taming of the Shrew*, given by the Daly Company. This song seems to have been a special favorite with concert singers of the first quarter of this century, for it occurs over and over again on concert programmes, and judging from criticisms of the time, received frequent encores.

In a volume of the *Harmonicon* of the year 1824 is an account and criticism by our former stern critic of a performance of the *Merry Wives of Windsor* given that year at Drury Lane Theatre. It was one of those metamorphoses of Shakespeare's plays into an operatic drama which he so stoutly condemns. The music in the play consisted of 1. Song, "With Thee Fair Summer's Joy Appears," which was adopted by T. Welsh to the Welsh air, "*Ar hyd y nos;*" 2. Song, "When it is the Time of Night," by Charles Horn; 3. Song, "Crabbed Age and Youth," by Horn; 4. Dr. Arne's "Blow, Blow, thou Winter Wind," of which our critic says, "a beautiful ballad, but what has it to do with *Merry Wives of Windsor;*" 5. Duètte, "Love like a Shadow Flies," by John Parry; 6. "It was a Lordling's Daughter," selected and arranged by C. Horn; 7. Song, "Even as the Sun," Horn; 8. Cantata, "A Lover's Eyes can Gaze," John Parry, of which he says "It is passable as music, but in connection with the words, very faulty." He sums up thus:—

> Taken altogether, the musical part of this melodized play is very heavy. It impedes the action of the drama. Except a vapid duet or two we have an unbroken succession of single airs, most of which are either common or else very much out of their proper places. And of the way in which the

poetry is selected from Shakespeare's works, we are unwilling to speak in terms of reprobation which it deserves. The words of one song, "Even as the Sun," are gathered from two distant stanzas in *Venus and Adonis* that are completely unconnected in meaning, and make perfect nonsense. For "rose-cheeked Adonis," he gives us "rose-checked Adonis." The poetry of another is collected from Biron's long speech in the third scene of the fourth act of *Love's Labour's Lost*, and the lines are put together—

> "A lover's eyes will strike an eagle blind,
> A lover's ears will hear the lowest sound,
> From woman's eyes this doctrine we derive,
> They sparkle still the bright Promethian fire;
> And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
> Makes Heaven echo with the harmony."

The absurdity of all this is too obvious to need pointing out. Really it should be the duty of some person in the theatre to see that an author is not thus mangled and sacrificed.

with which just opinion we heartily agree. In this comedy, the Welsh parson, Sir Hugh Evans, sings snatches of Kit Marlowe's well-known song, "Come Live with me and be my Love," which in his nervousness he confused with the 137th psalm. The answer to this little song of Marlowe's, "If all the world and love were young," was written by Sir Walter Raleigh. Attributed to Shakespeare in 1599 by Jaggard, it has been set to music some eighteen times. The oldest setting is by an unknown composer and is found in a manuscript of Shakespeare's time. Sir Henry Bishop wrote a song to these words which was sung in the *Comedy of Errors*, also a serenade for five voices adapted from Wilson and Saville, sung in the operatized *Twelfth Night*. There is a good German opera, *Die Lustigen Weiber von Windsor*, the libretto of which is by Mosenthal, the music by Nicolai, who has succeeded in joining light joyous music appropriately to humorous words. This opera was afterwards adapted to the French stage by M. Jules Barbier, where it rejoices in the name of *Les Joyeuses Commères de Windsor*. A French critic objects that the dénoûement in regard to Falstaff is puerile. Instead of frightening him with "funereal apparitions," which is evidently the French translation of the "fairies," who startled him in Windsor Park, he is diverted by dryads and hamadryads, gracious nymphs who dance round him in

the forest, not calculated, one would suppose, to make the gallant Falstaff turn from the errors of his way.

Balfe wrote an opera of "Falstaff," produced at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1838.

One or two "Falstaff" operas by foreigners may be mentioned, that, by Salieri, brought out in Vienna in 1798, and a very poor comic opera by Adolphe Adam, performed at the Théâtre Lyrique in 1856. *The Merchant of Venice* has also been turned into an opera by a modern Italian, Signor Petrella, and it is said to possess some merit. This play, however, as far back as 1787, fell into the clutches of one of the insatiable army of mediocre German composers, J. A. Just, and was performed at Amsterdam, let us hope, for the first and last time.

Music for a number of Shakespearian revivals was written by Hatton for the Princess's Theatre during Charles Kean's management, among which were the *Merchant of Venice* and *Much Ado About Nothing*.

Nearly all of Shakespeare's comedies have undergone at one time or another the process of being metamorphosed into operas or quasi-operas, often with happy results. It remains to call attention to the many beautiful settings to words taken from Shakespeare, of modern composers, including solos and part songs, a few of which are Hayden's canzonet, "She never told her love," Dr. Cooke's additional songs for *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, written for the play in 1840, George Macfarren's "Shakespeare Songs for four Voices," Schumann's "When that I was a little tiny Boy" and "When Shall we three meet again," and last, Schubert's "Who is Silvia," to which must be added his exquisite setting to the serenade in *Cymbeline*, "A wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it."—

"Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs,
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With everything that pretty bin,
My lady sweet arise:
Arise, arise."

HELEN A. CLARKE.

A School of Shakespeare.

For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping.
—*Antony & Cleopatra*, V, ii, 86.

HENRY VI.—PART I.

THE ghastly, murderous story of transition in national life told in the three parts of *Henry VI* may be not inaptly compared to the hideous contortions of some ugly insect-larva lying in the path before us, writhing in apparently determined death-struggles; we watch it in astonishment and disgust; we pass on, and, turning again to see what has become of the thing, we behold with still greater astonishment that out of this seeming destruction has come forth a new creation, that out of the misshapen, excrescent shell has come a well-formed, orderly creature, perhaps already showing the beginnings of surpassing beauty. O wonderful, mighty spirit-ocean of being that pours its unending tide down the channels of a great nation's life as into the tiny cells of an insignificant insect, and with its

plastic stress
Sweeps through the dull, dense world, compelling there
All new successions to the forms they wear,
Torturing the unwilling dross that checks its flight
To its own likeness, as each mass may bear,
And bursting in its beauty and each might
From trees and beasts and men into the Heaven's light.

The *1 Henry VI* deals chiefly with the English in France, and not with England; its real hero is Talbot, type of the dauntless English soldier, and not the boy-king after whom it is named; its necessary story of English defeat and French triumph is so arranged by perverting historical sequence and traducing the character of Joan of Arc as to make it as agreeable in the telling as possible to the Elizabethan audience; its account of the fierce broils between Gloucester and Winchester, between York and Somerset, and of the unworthy wooing of Margaret by Suffolk and the unworthy agreeing thereto of King Henry, is as a fit "precurse of fierce events, as harbingers preceding still the fates and prologue to the omen coming on," and finds its fit summary in the foreboding curse of Joan of Arc upon York and Warwick as she is led away to death :—

> May never glorious sun reflex his beams
> Upon the country where you make abode;
> But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
> Environ you, till mischief and despair
> Drive you to break your necks or hang yourselves—

a curse terribly fulfilled in the bloody Wars of the Roses upon the English nobility to which York and Warwick belonged.

"Darkness and the gloomy shade of death" lay upon her own sword-smitten land of France which Joan was to deliver so marvellously.

> France to the north of the Loire had become one vast solitude; the country was deserted, and there were no men but in forests or fortresses; even the cities were rather quarters for soldiers than dwelling-places of the inhabitants. The cultivation of the soil was abandoned, except around the walls, under the ramparts, and within sight of the sentinel in his tower. As soon as an enemy was discovered, the alarm-bells were rung, the laborers flew into the towers; the very cattle had learnt a sort of instinct which taught them to take to flight. Theft and robbery were of necessity the only occupation of houseless wretches.—Mackintosh, *Hist. of England.*

The condition of England at this time seems to have been very much better. Hallam says :—

> The labouring classes, especially those engaged in agriculture, were better provided with the means of subsistence in the reign of Edward III or of

Henry VI than they are at present (1784). . . . So, under Henry VI, if meat was at a farthing and a half the pound, which I suppose was about the mark, a labourer earning three pence a day, or eighteen pence in the week, could buy a bushel of wheat, at six shillings the quarter, and twenty-four pounds of meat for his family. A labourer at present, earning twelve shillings a week, can only buy half a bushel of wheat, at eighty shillings the quarter, and twelve pounds of meat at seven pence. . . . After every allowance, . . . I should find it difficult to resist the conclusion, that, however the labourer has derived benefit from the cheapness of manufactured commodities, and from many inventions of common utility, he is much inferior in ability to support a family to his ancestors three or four centuries ago. I know not why some have supposed that meat was a luxury seldom obtained by the labourer. Doubtless he could not have procured as much as he pleased. But, from the greater cheapness of cattle, as compared with corn, it seems to follow that a more considerable portion of his ordinary diet consisted of animal food than at present. It was remarked by Sir John Fortescue that the English lived far more upon animal diet than their rivals the French; and it was natural to ascribe their superior strength and courage to this cause.—Hallam, *Middle Ages*, Chap. IX Part II.

Sir John Fortescue, quoted by Ellis (*Early English Poetry*, vol. I, ch. 13), says that

there is scarce a small village in which you may not find a knight, an *esquire*, or some substantial *house-holder*, commonly called a *frankleyne;* all men of considerable estates; there are others who are called *free holders*, and many yeomen of estates sufficient to make a substantial jury.

This same writer thus describes the comparative poverty of the French common people:—

The same commons be so impoverished and destroyed, that they may unneth (scarcely) live. They drink water; they eat apples, with bread right brown, made of rye. They eat no flesh, but if it be seldom a little lard or the entrails or heads of beasts slain for the nobles and merchants of the land. They wearen no woolen, but if it be a poor coat under their outermost garment, made of great canvass, and call it a frock. Their hosen be of like canvass, and passen not the knee, wherefore they be gartered and their thighs bare. Their wives and children gone barefoot; they may in none otherwise live. For some of them that was wont to pay to his lord for his tenement, which he hireth by the year, a scute (a crown), payeth now to the King over that scute, five scutes. Wherethrough they be artyd (compelled) by necessity so to watch, labor, and grub in the ground for their sustenance, that their nature is much wasted, and the kind of them brought to naught. They gone crooked, and are feeble, not able to fight.

The English domestic buildings seem to have been much inferior to those on the continent, and the walls of the houses of the common people were to a large extent mere rude frame-work daubed with clay, and this lasted down to the time of Elizabeth, for Shakespeare makes Hamlet say:—

> Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
> Might stop a hole to keep the wind away;
> O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
> Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!

And yet Hallam tells us that bricks first came into general use in England in the time of Henry VI, and he refers to Eton, and to Queen's College, Cambridge, founded by Margaret of Anjou. The Free-masons, it seems, were first persecuted in the third year of Henry VI, by a statute against them for fixing, as it was alleged, the price of labor in the chapter meetings.

Ellis continues:—

> The reader may possibly learn with some surprise that, from the latter end of the thirteenth to near the sixteenth century, persons of all ranks, and of both sexes, were universally in the habit of sleeping quite naked. This custom is often alluded to by Chaucer, Gower, Lydgate and all our ancient writers. . . . This strange practice prevailed at a time when the day-dress of both sexes was much warmer than at present, being generally bordered, and often lined with furs.

"In houses of which the walls were made of clay, and the floors of the same material, and where the stabling was under the same roof with the dwelling-rooms, the furniture was not likely to be costly"—wooden bowls and platters, straw pallets, rough wooden stools and benches; and even the houses of the wealthy were ordinarily not much better furnished. Glass windows were rare, so were chimneys; carpets were used chiefly as coverings for chairs and tables. The amusements were fighting in jest and in earnest, hunting, hawking, chess, backgammon, music, dancing, story-telling.

> But a very principal business of life was eating and drinking. It is true that for some time after the Conquest the Norman nobles were satisfied with two moderate meals in a day; but it was at length discovered that on less than five might, without much inconvenience, be introduced into the same period; and that three hours were by no means too long for the prin-

cipal meal, allowing for the ceremonies of *washing*, of marshalling the guests and the dishes, and listening to the tales or music of the minstrels. It seems that the whole company washed in succession, and it was usual for the mistress of the house to lead out for the purpose the guest whom she particularly wished to distinguish.

See Chaucer's description of the Lady Prioress; washing was a good rule in the absence of forks and when a lady and a gentleman used the same plate in common or sopped their bread into the same bowl of gravy (See James's *Philip Augustus*).

In all the above-mentioned amusements (war and tilting only excepted) the ladies appear to have participated; indeed, their will was the motive of every action. . . . The pointed shoes, the trailing sleeves, the party-colored doublets and mantles, and indecorous hose of the men, and the horned caps and strait-laced bodices, or stays, of the women, are mentioned by many historians with pious horror. . . . The most pernicious fashion in use among the women of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries was that of painting.

Mr. Ellis thinks that baths, or at least bathing-tubs, were very common even among the poor; but the following surprising extracts from Mr. F. J. Furnivall's *Forewords to Early English Meals and Manners* (Early English Text Society) give a contrary impression:—

The directions for personal cleanliness must have been much needed when one considers the small stock of linen and clothes that men not rich must have had; and if we may judge from a passage in Edward the Fourth's *Liber Niger*, even the King himself did not use his footpan every Saturday night, and would not have been the worse for an occasional tubbing: "This barbour shall have, every satyrday at night, *if* it please the Kinge to cleanse his head, legges, or feet, and for his shaving, two loves, one picher wyne; and the ussher of the Chamber ought to testifye if this is necessaryly dispended or not." So far as appears from Edward the Fourth's *Liber Niger Domus* soap was only used for washing clothes. The yeoman lavender, or washerman, was to take from the Great Spicery as "much whyte soape, greye, and blacke, as can be thought reasonable by proufe of the countrollers, and therewith tenderly to waysshe the stuffe for the King's propyr person": but whether that cleansing material ever touched His Majesty's sacred person (except doubtless when and if the barber shaved him) does not appear (p. lxiii). . . . The colour of washer-women's legs was due partly to dirt, I suppose. The princess or queen Clariones, when escaping with the laundress as her assistant, is obliged to have her white legs reduced to the customary shade of grey:—

Right as she should stoupe a-doun,
The quene was tukked wel on high;
The lauender perceiued wel therbigh
Hir white legges, and seid "ma dame,
Youre shin boones might doo vs blame;
Abide," she seid, "so mot I thee, [thrive]
More slotered thei most be."
Asshes with the water she menged, [mixed]
And her white legges al be-sprenged.
—*Syr Generides*, p. 218 (about 1440 A.D.).

If in Henry the Eighth's kitchen, scullions lay about naked, or tattered and filthy, what would they do elsewhere? (p. lxv). "If rich men and masters were dirty, poor men and servants must have been dirtier still." And Mr. Furnivall cites a curious passage from an author learned it seems in the lore of that industrious and insinuating insect which so interrupted the devotions of Burns as to call forth that immortal apostrophe:—

Ha! whare ye gaun, ye crowlin ferlie?
Your impudence protects you sairly,
I canna say but ye strunt rarely,
Owre gauze and lace;
Tho' faith, I fear, ye dine but sparely
On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepin' blastit wonner,
Detested, shunn'd by saunt and sinner,
How dare you set you fit upon her,
Sae fine a lady!

We do not feel surprised that people living in such gross and unsavory physical condition should have been gross and unsavory morally and prone to degraded superstitious beliefs. Astrology flourished; the search for the philosopher's stone was pushed industriously; witchcraft was accepted with unquestioning faith by the masses; impostors pretended to miracles. Hence the disappointing presentation of Joan of Arc by Shakespeare, who gives the English conception of her, and puts into the same mouth the noble speech to Burgundy, beginning "Look on thy country, look on fertile France," in Act III, iii, the wretched drivel of Act V, iii, and the disgusting revelations of V, iv. We are the better prepared, too, for the discov-

ery that our dreaded acquaintance of nursery days, Bluebeard, was none other, as the descendants of his subjects believe, than a companion in war of Joan, and one of the wealthiest nobles in France.

In the fifteenth century the two most picturesque figures are Joan of Arc and Gilles de Rais, and fate threw them together, for De Rais was placed in charge of Joan on her expedition for the relief of Orleans, and remained by her side until the repulse at the Porte St. Honoré [before Paris, in September, 1429]. In death, also, they were, in some sense, not divided; for Joan was burned for sorcery in 1431 and Gilles in 1440. Here, however, the comparison ends; for Joan is enshrined in French tradition as little short of a saint, while Gilles is regarded in his native Brittany as the original of the monster Bluebeard.—*The Nation*, No. 1114, Nov. 4, 1886.

Made a Marshal of France at twenty-five for conspicuous gallantry, learned, passionately fond of music and the drama, a devout son of the Church, he gave up his public career and devoted himself to alchemy and necromancy and to his indescribable lusts.

To win the favor of a demon named Barron, he offered him the hand, the heart, the eyes and the blood of a child; but even this was fruitless. . . . To minister to his depraved appetites, children were brought to him, who were promptly put to death to secure safety; and he found a delirious delight in watching their death-agonies, which he skilfully prolonged by mangling them with his own hand. . . . After his confession . . he exhorted the crowd to hold fast to the Church and to pay her the highest honor; he had always done so himself, but for which he believed that, in view of his crimes, Satan would have strangled him, and carried him off body and soul.

He was only thirty-six when he was put to death.

Joan of Arc is one of the most wonderful figures of history; she is one of those great leaders of men who have been inspired by genius of the heart, and have influenced the world more by character than by intellect; and yet Michelet thinks the true source of her marvellous power was more her admirable common sense than her great faith in her visions or the influence those visions and that faith exercised over others. She seemed to the inhabitants of Orleans an angel descended from heaven to deliver them. Such leaders come forth in the dark hours of a people's anguish. She was in a certain sense the incarnation of the sentiment of the people full of pity for the fair realm of France. Her story can never grow old, being both

the story of a pure and noble soul, and of one of the turning-points in the history of the progress of civilization. Cressy says:—

> It is impossible to deny (France's) paramount importance in history. Besides the formidable part that she has for nearly three centuries played as the Bellona of the European commonwealth of states, her influence during all this period over the arts, the literature, the manners, and the feelings of mankind, has been such as to make the crisis of her earlier fortunes a point of world-wide interest; and it may be asserted, without exaggeration, that the future career of every nation was involved in the result of the struggle by which the unconscious heroine of France, in the beginning of the fifteenth century, rescued her country from becoming a second Ireland under the yoke of the triumphant English.—*The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World.*

For Joan of Arc see Southey's *Joan of Arc;* the sketches of her by Michelet and Lamartine; Guizot's *History of France;* Greene's *History of England;* Reed's *English History;* Schiller's *Jungfrau von Orleans;* see also *Gilles de Rais, Maréchal de France, dit Barbe-bleue* (1404–1440) Abbé Bossard.

Wm. Taylor Thom.

A Dickensian O'Thello.—In Mr. Kitton's forthcoming Dickens collection will appear, among other facsimiles, one of the first pages of a burlesque drama, which was written by the future novelist, for representation at home, in 1833, three or four years before the days of "Pickwick." The burlesque is called "O'Thello (part of the Great Unpaid)," and is written in rhyme—of a sort. The page in question (which was given to the present owner in 1842 by Mr. John Dickens) is written with remarkable neatness, in a hand-writing easily recognizable on comparison with latter writing by Charles Dickens. It would be interesting to know where the remainder of the MS. now is, if, indeed, it is still in existence.

Open Court.

That's a question; how shall we try it?
—*The Comedy of Errors*, V, 1, 421.

In this I'll be impartial; be you judge
Of your own cause.
—*Measure for Measure*, V, 1, 166.

WALPOLE NOT A SHAKESPEARE SKEPTIC.

During the past few months the statement has appeared in perhaps a hundred different articles, that "the first person who questioned the Shakespearian authorship was Horace Walpole in his *Historic Doubts.*" It seems to have passed unquestioned, yet the fact is that Walpole never expressed any such opinion.

On looking into the authority for this, it is found that the various writers rely on the authority of Dr. Thomson, of Melbourne, in the *Renascence Drama*. Here is what he says (see pp. 37–8) :—

. . . And on points of identity Campbell's idea agrees with Walpole's, as expressed in the *Historic Doubts*, wherein it is shown that Poet and Historian wrote alike on Richard III, Henry VII, and Perkin Warbeck, the pretended heir to the throne, who was supposed to have been smothered in the Tower.

With this opinion of a common authorship of these several works any candid reader will agree who can take the trouble to read over the last scene in *Richard III*, and then peruse the opening paragraph of Henry VII, for there it will be found that the latter is a brief recapitulation by the historian who, after finishing in drama the history of one great era, reviews what he taught by way of introducing the new historical lesson to follow.

Dr. Thomson was a most uncompromising Baconian. His convictions were so strong that in the merest trifles he found the strongest confirmation of his theory. It is not surprising to find, therefore, on referring to the *Doubts* (see especially pp. 114–15), that his enthusiasm carried him too far. The most that can be made of Walpole is, that he criticises freely the history of the times of Richard III, as found in the writings of both Shakespeare and Bacon, seeming to regard them as written from the same standpoint. But he speaks of Shakespeare individually so clearly that it is evident that no doubt was entertained as to his individuality in the authorship. Certainly no expression of a doubt can be found in Walpole's writings.

W. H. Wyman.

A DISCLAIMER OF BACONIAN INTEREST.

In reference to a letter of mine which you quote from a London newspaper in your last number [*Miscellany* of November, 1887], will you kindly allow me to state that the expression which it includes of an interest in the Bacon-Shakespeare business is a facetious interpolation for which I am not responsible. I have never taken the faintest interest in the subject, and having said so much to several American correspondents, naturally do not like to be exposed to the risk of their considering me a stupidly inconsistent old party.

J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps.

Brighton, England, Nov. 30, 1887.

Murdoch's Lecture.—James E. Murdoch's lecture on "The Life and Works of Shakespeare," given at the Hawthorne Rooms, on Park Street, Boston, on the morning of Dec. 23d, was called out by a letter from Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett expressing the belief that the members of his profession would be glad to hear the sentiments of one whose experience and knowledge must make his observations useful and valuable, and asking, in the name of all followers and lovers of the drama, that he would give them an opportunity of hearing the lecture.

Shakespeare Societies.

Such a holy witch
That he enchants societies into him;
Half all men's hearts are his. —*Cymbeline*, I, vi, 166.

[The classified list of Shakespeare societies proposed to be given in this number, on account of special pressure this month upon our pages, will be postponed until the February number. We shall be glad, in the meanwhile, to hear from any Shakespeare clubs, classes or reading-circles that have not lately reported. ED.]

GRAND RAPIDS (MICH.) SHAKESPEARIANA CLASS.—Since the beginning, in Oct., '86, of our *School of Shakespeare* department, news of its encouraging effect upon many old clubs, and of its direct influence in the formation of a number of new ones, in different parts of the country, has reached our ears. But, so far as we know, only one club has distinguished us by taking upon its shoulders the somewhat burdensome name of this magazine. We wish to express here our grateful appreciation of this honor that we have lately heard the Shakespeariana Class has done us. At the same time we will take the occasion, also, to rehearse, from the account sent us, the main features of the somewhat original plan of study adopted by our promising god-child. Indeed, we will not shrink from saying that, aside from the christening of the Class, it has made use of this magazine—of its Shakespeare society reports, its Shakespearian news and papers—in a way not merely gratifying to us, but likely to prove serviceable to many another club in showing how the Shakespearian matter here collected may be brought to bear on club programmes: yielding them either direct contributions, or opening ground for discussion of special phases of the subject in hand. The motto of the Class printed on the outside of its calendar beneath a cut of Shakespeare's birth-place, seems significant.—"Out of these convertites, there is much matter to be heard and

learned." Another part of the plan, the giving of Shakespearian news from time to time, would be likely to add points of interest to the meetings of any club. And it should be noticed that the Norwich town club, of which, also, we give an account in this number, makes the reading of Shakespeare news an important and regular part of its programmes.

The Grand Rapids Shakespeariana Class was organized in April of '87, and now has sixty-four members. *The Midsummer-Night's Dream* was the first play chosen for study; later *The Merchant of Venice* was taken up. Its calendar from Nov. 23d, '87, its method of study, and its rules, follow as given us by its founder, Mrs. Lorraine Immen.—

CALENDAR.

Wednesday, November 23.—Introductory remarks on *Merchant of Venice.*—Acts I, II, of *Merchant of Venice.*—Report of Norwich Shakespeare Club.—Victor Hugo and Shakespeare.—A. MORGAN [April SHAKESPEARIANA].

Friday, December 23.—*Merchant of Venice*, Acts III, IV.—Report of Shakespeare Society of Wellesley College.—Was Shakespeare a Sycophant?—A. BURK [June SHAK.]—"Sisters of Portia" [Nov., '86, SHAK.].

Monday, January 23, 1888.—*M. of V*, Act V.—Report of San Francisco Shakespeare Society.—The story of the Boydell Shakespeare.—A criticism on the analysis of Portia's speech, by A. Ayers.—"Shylock Satisfied."

Thursday, February 23.—Selections from Acts I, III and IV of *Merchant of Venice.*—"Portia and the office of women in the serious comedies" [Mch. SHAK.]—Outline characters of Antonio, Shylock, Bassanio, Nerissa.—Report of London Shakspere Club.—Venice in the supposed time of Shylock.

Friday, March 23.—Shakespeare's Sonnets.—Shakespearian News.—Rowe's Life of Shakespeare.—Report of Locke-Richardson Shakespeare Club.—Booth and Salvini.

Monday, April 23.—*Annual Meeting and Lunch.*—Overture, Mendelssohn.—Act I, Scene i; Act II, Scene i, *Midsummer-Night's Dream.*—*Merchant of Venice*, Act I, Scene i, ii; Act III, Scene ii; Act IV, Scene i.—Stratford on Avon.—Wm. Shakespeare.—Shakespeare at School.—Theseus—Titania—Oberon—Bottom—Puck—Antonio—Shylock—Bassanio—Portia—Jessica.

METHOD OF STUDY.

"Above all, Study, Study, Study."—*Salvini.*

Reading of the Drama. Study the questions upon the play. Note carefully the year in which the action is laid; among what people, their manners, customs, dress and temperament. Group the several characters, and note prominent virtue, vice or passion. Review for mythological, classical and scriptural allusions. Commit to memory the most note-worthy thoughts contained in the play. Study the speeches of the characters grouped around the prominent character. Look to the filling in of detail, the niceties of inflection and gesture.

RULES OF SHAKESPEARIANA CLASS.

RULE 1. This Class shall be called the Shakespeariana and Art Class.

RULE 2. Its object, the study and reading of Shakespeare, and the study of the various Schools of Art.

RULE 3. A leader and assistant leader shall be appointed by the Class, to serve for six months, or for such a length of time as shall be deemed advisable by the Class.

RULE 4. Any member of the L. L. C. Ladies' Literary Club of our city, can become a member of the class subject to its rules and regulations by giving her name to the Leader or Asst. Leader.

RULE 5. Every member must agree to take part and to give 15 minutes every day to the study of the play under consideration: they must also promise not to criticise any of the workings of the Class outside of it, but in the Class to express their views and criticisms frankly to each other and (to be kindly affectioned one to another in honor preferring one another).

RULE 6. The Class shall meet on or near the 23d of each month during the year (except July and August). Extra meetings can be held whenever occasion demand it. Two consecutive unexplained absences shall be understood as a withdrawal from the Class, and the name of such absentee omitted from the roll.

RULE 7. Meetings shall begin promptly at 2.30 o'clock, p. m., and class work shall not extend beyond two hours.

RULE 8. Whenever the Class numbers over 15 members, it shall be divided for study work, and meet as a whole at the regular monthly meetings.

RULE 9. The leader or assistant leader shall call the roll at each regular meeting, at which time each member shall respond by a quotation from the Act of the Drama under consideration.

RULE 10. All business of the Class shall be transacted by it, a majority ruling.

RULE 11. These rules can be amended at any regular meeting of the Class.

MONTREAL SHAKESPEARE CLUB.—Fifth Meeting, October 17, 1887.—Essays on *Much Ado about Nothing:*

Mr. Marler. "The place of *Much Ado about Nothing* in Shakespeare's artistic development."

The plan showed an advance upon its author's earliest efforts in characterisation, in freedom of movement and in humour. The past played by Dogbery and Verges was contrasted with that filled by Speed and Launce in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. There was little subtle psychological analysis in the play; but as a pure comedy, *Much Ado* was a masterpiece, though not one of Shakespeare's greatest plays.

Mr. Short followed with a paper on "Benedick and Beatrice" in which their character and relation to one another was developed.

Mr. Arthy contributed a note upon the play, entitled, "A Possible Tragedy," in which it was pointed out that a tragic conclusion was but narrowly escaped.

Mr. Boodle followed with a note, "Is *Much Ado* Shakespeare's 'Love's Labour's Won'?" in which the question was answered in the affirmative.

Mr. Macgillycuddy concluded with a humorous paper on "Dogbery and Verges."

Eleventh Meeting, November 30, 1887.—Essays on *Timon of Athens:*

Mr. Gould commenced with a paper on "Timon of the Folio and the Timon of Shakespeare."

This was one of the most perplexing dramas of Shakespeare, and presented difficulties which could never be understood, and contradictions which could never be reconciled. In most plays Shakespeare was careless about small matters; in this one, more so than in any others.

The theories of Knight and Fleay were then discussed; that of the former being that this was a play partially remodelled: that of the latter that it was an old play of Shakespeare's completed and finished by another hand, probably that of Cyril Tourneur. This was the least interesting of the tragedies, and was written at a time when the poet was under a cloud of domestic troubles and difficulties; after which he emerged into a brighter atmosphere to which we owe the splendid romances.

Mr. Macgillycuddy followed with a witty and humorous paper on "Apemantus," in which the character of that hero and his relations with the others in the play were depicted.

Mr. Lafleur then read on "*Timon*."

This was not properly speaking a tragedy, but a play conceived from the point of view of a writer of satire. Shakespeare intended as much to satirize the senseless prodigal as his sponging and fawning friends. After drawing a comparison between the career of Timon and the "Rake's Progress," the writer pointed out that Timon had no idea of real friendship; his only idea of making friends was by scattering his benefits and favors indiscriminately; an ignoble death appropriately ends his career.

Mr. Watson followed on the "Two Misanthropes: Timon and Molière's Alceste." The three great misanthropes of modern literature were Timon, Molière's hero, and George Eliot's Silas Marner. After an analysis of the leading incidents of the plot of *Le Misanthrope*, the characters of Timon and Alceste were compared; stripped of external circumstances they thought on most points alike.

Mr. Rielle concluded with a note on "Alcibiades," in which, after distinguishing between real and national knowledge, he utilized the distinction to contrast the difference of the knowledge of life showed by Alcibiades and the nominal hero of the piece.

During the session papers have also been read by Mr. Logan on "The Genius of Shakespeare;" by Mr. Boodle on "The History of the Composi-

tion of *Hamlet*," and "Shakespeare's Individual Relation to his Work;" and by Mr. Abbott on "The War of the Theatres."

THE NORWICH TOWN SHAKESPEARE CLUB (Conn.) has been studying *Twelfth Night* for four meetings. That will be the average length of time spent on any one play.

Programmes. 1st Meeting: *Twelfth Night*, Act I.—Probable suggestion of the name of the play. Earliest reference to play. Description of the Hall of the Middle Temple. Date of the play. Sources of the plot. Text study—Reading of selected scenes. Shakespeare news. Memorial Fountain and Library.

2nd Meeting:—Text study of Act II, i–v. *Paper.*—Fools of Shakespeare. Comparison of Rosalind and Viola. Paper on Shakespeare's songs, with singing of two which occur in play. Shakespeare's feelings towards Puritans. Character sketches. Reading of scenes. Shakespeare news.

3rd Meeting:—Text study of Act II, v, and Act III. Paper—Malvolio. Popular sports and diversions of May Day. Paper.—Old-time treatment of the Insane. Old Morality Plays. Reading of scenes—Shakespeare news.

4th Meeting:—Text study of *Twelfth Night* concluded. Modern representation and great actors of *Twelfth Night.* Opinions of famous men and critics. Leading idea of the play. *Discussion*:—Resolved, That Shakespeare's men are more constant in love than his women. Reading of selected scenes. Song—"When that I was and a little tiny boy."

One of the comedies will be next taken up and a similar plan pursued.

SPRINGFIELD (ILL.).—Authors' Club Programme for Session VI., 1887–88:

Sept. 26. "The Drama in India," Professor Wm. Helmle.

Oct. 3. "The Greek Drama," Mrs. Mary H. Kuhl.

Oct. 17. "The Roman Drama," Dr. S. Mendenhall.

Oct. 31. "Miracle Plays and Mysteries," Miss Frances Kusel.

Nov. 14. "Gothic and Greek Drama Compared: The Dramatic Unities," Dr. G. N. Kreider.

Nov. 28. "Shakespeare or Bacon?" Geo. A. Sanders.

Dec. 12. "Shakespeare and the Story of his Life," Miss Emma F. Jones.

Dec. 26. "Shakespeare and the Elizabethan Age," Prof. J. A. Freeman.

Jan. 9. "Poetry—Song and Sonnets," Miss Mary Howard.

Jan. 23. "Early Comedy," *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Geo. A. Bullard.

Feb. 13. "Middle Comedy," *Merchant of Venice*, Att'y-Gen. George Hunt.

Feb. 27. "Later Comedy." (a.) Boisterous, *Taming of the Shrew*, (b.)

Refined, *Much Ado about Nothing*. (c.) Serious, *Measure for Measure*, Mrs. V. T. Lindsay.

March 12. "History," *Richard III* and *King John*, Dr. R. Edwards.
March 26. "Early Tragedy," *Romeo and Juliet*, Dr. B. M. Griffith.
April 9. "Middle Tragedy," *Hamlet*, Mrs. F. R. Feitshans.
April 23. "Later Tragedy," *Macbeth*, Rev. R. O. Post.
May 7. "Romance," *Tempest*, Mrs. George Hunt.
May 14. "Woman as Portrayed and Idealized," Mrs. B. M. Griffith.
May 21. Influence on Modern Culture. Open Meeting.

Miss E. A. Hayward,
Sec'y and Treas.

The Drama.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other.
—Sonnet XLVII.

COQUELIN'S REPLY TO IRVING.

Mr. Irving fears that my theories may smother originality by casting representation of character "in one unchanging mould," and so he pleads vigorously for personal inspiration against tradition. This in reality is the true reason of our disagreement. Mr. Irving represents genius as independent and solitary, deriving everything from itself, or receiving from above certain sudden enlightenment, thanks to a special quality which he calls "electric," and which "distinguishes superior artists," or, in other words, idealists. I represent, or endeavor to represent, prosaically perhaps, but passionately also, that *ensemble* of conditions which constitutes the Comédie Française, that mass of accumulated observations, that inheritance of those who have gone before, by which the new-comers profit—the results of two centuries of study placed at the service of those who are beginning. Mr. Irving maintains that respect for this glorious past leads to imitation, is an obstacle to free personal inspiration, and, in a word,

kills all individuality. This may be true for actors of second or third rank (though at any rate the system has the result of rendering them endurable, which is something); but for actors of talent, no. Great actors have not been wanting at the Comédie Française: have there been two alike? Did Talma resemble Lekain? Did Samson stifle the genius of Rachel? Genius always makes its way. Far from obstructing true originality, study develops it and sets it off to advantage; it removes that rust of oddness, of exaggeration, and of convention which so often clings to originality, and which would end by spoiling it; study polishes the blade and renders it more brilliant. Mr. Irving, speaking of Rachel—it is he who cites this example—says that she knew all of her art that could be taught, and that she elaborated her rôles with the utmost care; but that all this "experience and labor would have counted for little without the divine fire which made her so great." If it counted for little, why should she have imposed upon herself this overwhelming labor? To say that the "divine fire" is everything is to say too much or too little. Without the "divine fire" a man cannot be an artist, but the "divine fire" is not equivalent to innate omniscience. It does not give an author diction, nor does it teach him how to compose a rôle. And what is an artist without diction and composition? With the "divine fire" alone, and no study, an artist is necessarily incomplete, odd, capable here and there of fine bursts, but oftener of false cries and mistaken movements. Work alone makes an accomplished artist.

In reality, this, I am convinced, is Mr. Irving's own opinion. He is probably also of my opinion on the question whether an actor ought actually to feel the emotions which he represents. He does not pronounce clearly, it is true; he even quotes an anecdote which seems to refute the theory of absolute self-possession. But the reason is that if he frankly adopted this theory, Mr. Irving would be afraid of seeming to condemn those sudden inspirations, those flashes of enlightenment, which he holds to be the mark of genius, and which happen spontaneously on the stage. He cites Kean, who was certainly not a "player who left anything to hazard," and who yet had "inspired moments." Kean was not the only one. Frédéric Lemaître also had "inspired moments." But let Mr. Irving read my essay over again,

and he will see that I by no means deny inspiration. I said precisely that when one is sure of a rôle, when, like Kean, one leaves nothing to hazard, then indeed one can without inconvenience try some of those traits which are suggested by the heat of the representation. What I protest against is the idea that one can be inspired in a rôle which one has not studied, and the belief that one is inspired when one is merely extravagant. The „electric quality" was possessed by Talma in the divinest degree, but it was always by the simplest means that he made this quality produce the most powerful effects. When he exclaimed as Oreste (Racine's *Andromaque*), "Dieux! quels ruisseaux de sang coulent autour de moi!" (Heavens! what streams of blood flow around me!) he did not begin to stride about the stage toward the four cardinal points; he brought his legs together tightly, one against the other, his elbows clung closely to his body, his ribs shrank in, his shoulders rose in a movement of inexpressible horror, and almost without moving he became terrible. There is nothing supernatural in our art, and inspiration, far from being infallible, may often be mistaken. Frédéric had admirable inspirations, but he also had inspirations sometimes so wild that he had to ask pardon of the public.

On the other hand, a second-rate actor, carried along by his rôle or excited by some particular circumstance, may have one of those movements of inspiration which produce the illusion of genius; in vain afterward he will try to recall the flame; he will remain Gros Jean just as he was before. It is not therefore very reasonable, in my opinion, to represent inspiration as the essential mark which distinguishes superior artists. The question, for that matter, is of small importance to the public. By what token shall the spectator know whether such and such a thrilling cry has just been hit upon by the actor there on the spot, or whether it has been tried, thought over, learnt, and repeated a hundred times beforehand?

Does Mr. Irving mean to maintain that the cry found on the stage by inspiration will be for that very reason infallibly truer and finer than the other? The whole history of dramatic art would rise in protestation against such an assertion. But behold! because I deny the divinity of inspiration I am once more arraigned and convicted of

materialism. Yes: Mr. Irving has discovered that I am a materialist in art, and his chief ground for this conclusion is the importance, as he thinks, excessive, which I attribute to physical exterior. He represents me as maintaining that every tragic impersonation imperatively demands a new body and a new voice, absolutely different from the voice and body which the artist has previously employed. Alas! I said on the contrary that this was the unattainable ideal, and I dwelt at length on the obstacles which the physical construction of an actor opposes to his playing certain parts which otherwise his intelligence would render him capable of undertaking. What I said, and what I repeat once more, is that an actor must modify his gait, his general bearing, and if he can, his voice, according to the character of the rôle. I cannot admit that Charles I. be made to walk and to talk like Mathias in *The Bells*, like Hamlet, and like Iago. Mr. Irving, I observe, is somewhat negligent in this matter; but still he sometimes conforms: he changes his voice for Louis XI, for instance: this being so, I fail to comprehend why he plays Mephistopheles with the voice of Romeo. Do those differences prevent being as poetic and sublime as is desirable? In no way. For the matter of that, they are obtained by profoundly studying the rôle, which I recommend the actor to do before everything else; for, far from having forgotten the soul of the rôle for the exterior, I said, and I repeat, that the actor must first become penetrated with the essence of his personage, that he must in a way swallow and digest it, and when once he has assimilated it, the exterior will follow of itself quite naturally. *It is the mind which constructs the body*, I said. I do not see that this axiom is so materialistic. Mr. Irving cites Kean, 'who sometimes passed from one character to another with little more external variation than was suggested by a corked mustache,' but whose impersonations were nevertheless most real and vivid. This does not astonish me at all; I consider it to be the perfection of art. I will, however, answer two things: the first is that on the stage, Kean, in order to pass from Romeo to Richard III, did not limit himself to so summary an exterior modification; and the second is that even in drawing-rooms he did not remain the same man in the two rôles. I guarantee that his voice changed, that, ardent and passionate in Romeo, it became sar-

castic and crafty to express Richard; that in the same way his breast, instead of being broad, manly, and throbbing, shrank up; that his shoulder grew humpy; that his attitude became cringing; and that when he drew himself up it was with the movements of a serpent. And this I imagine did not impair the poetry of Shakespeare.

"But," says Mr. Irving, "you affirm that a hideous soul should have a hideous body, and that Mephistopheles should therefore be represented as an image of deformity; a conception," he adds, "scarcely in harmony with the enlightenment of our age, and as primitive as the orthodoxy which used to insist that the devil wore horns and a tail." And Mr. Irving takes the trouble to remind me of a number of historical personages whose portraits fill the old picture-galleries, and who were consummate scoundrels while being at the same time very handsome men. This is the brilliant passage of his article. But what is the drift of it all? What have we to do here with "the enlightenment of the age"? Was Mephistopheles a personage of our times? Is it my fault if the Middle Ages, which created the character, made him deformed, obeying therein an old human tendency of which there still remains something, whatever Mr. Irving may say to the contrary? Is it my fault if Goethe conformed with the legend? For in plain words Mephisto's cloven foot is mentioned twenty times in *Faust*, and his walk must evidently be affected by this peculiarity. Does not Marguerite conceive a horror of him on account of his ugliness? I did not find it contrary to the spirit of the rôle when I saw Levinsky represent Mephistopheles with a slight hump on his back; not because, as Mr. Irving thinks, a hump is to my mind "a symbol of cynicism," but because, according to popular prejudices, it always implies wit and often malice, two characteristics which cannot be denied to Mephisto, and to which Levinsky gives extraordinary relief. In other respects, the attention of this remarkable artist has been especially directed to the negative side of the rôle. Mephisto is the one who says "No." His rôle is to disgust Faust with action by showing him its nothingness. Irony and sarcasm are his arms, and Levinsky manages these arms superlatively. The more vivid the expression given to the universal influence of the evil innate in Mephisto, and the more formidable

and terrible he is rendered—and in this Mr. Irving succeeds marvellously—the better; but I think it is a mistake to make him handsome, inasmuch as both the author and the legend represent him otherwise.

I will not insist upon another error made by Mr. Irving in his adaptation of Goethe's masterpiece. This error is not absolutely imputable to the actor; it is imposed upon the actor by the theatrical manager. The error I allude to is the almost complete annihilation of the rôle of Faust. If it is difficult, as the saying is, to conceive *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark, it seems no less difficult to play *Faust* without Faust. But this is almost what Mr. Irving is doing. And the explanation is obvious. The manager having at hand for Mephistopheles an exceptional actor, and having no such actor for Faust, solved the difficulty by sacrificing the latter rôle. The result is that the piece does what Mephisto does not: it limps. Mr. Irving does not seem to have noticed this fact, and the authority of his general observations on the work is detracted from all the more as manager and actor are in this case one and the same person, namely, Mr. Irving himself.—Extract from M. Coquelin's article in *Harper's Weekly.*

Mrs. Siddons' Volumnia.—In the triumphal procession she came along, marching and beating time to the music, rolling from side to side, swelling with the triumph of her son. Such was the intoxication of joy that flashed from her eye and lit up her whole face, that the effect was irresistible. She seemed to me to reap all the glory of that procession to herself. I could not take my eye from her. Coriolanus' banner and pageant; all went for nothing to me, after she had walked to her place.

—Julian Young's *Charles Young and His Times.*

Mrs. Siddons' Rosalind.—'It wanted neither playfulness nor feminine softness,' said Charles Young, 'but it was totally without archness, not because she did not properly conceive it—but how could such a countenance be arch?' Some one has said more irreverently of her Rosalind, that it was like Gog in petticoats!

Reviews.

> Observations,
> Which with experimental seal doth warrant
> The tenour of my book.
>
> —*Much Ado About Nothing*, IV, i, 167.

The Mermaid Series. The Best Plays of the old Dramatists. London: Vizetelly and Co. 1887.

THE productions of Shakespeare's contemporaries have heretofore been comparatively inaccessible to the student of moderate means. The few old plays which were edited during the last century by such men as Hawkins, Nicols, and Waldron, are simple reprints devoid of explanatory notes; and the editions of Dyce, Gifford, and Bullen are exceedingly expensive. It is therefore with pleasure that we note the publication of an edition comprising the principal of these plays, unexpurgated so far as the text is concerned, and yet costing so little as to be within the reach of every one. The volumes thus far issued in the Mermaid Series, are Marlowe, edited by Havelock Ellis; Massinger, by Arthur Symons; Middleton, by A. C. Swinburne; Congreve, by Alexander C. Ewald; and Beaumont and Fletcher, by J. St. Loe Strachey. The last-named editor devotes two volumes to the brother dramatists, and a criticism of one of these works—the same being the latest issue in the series,*—will convey a fair idea as to what the editors have deemed the most suitable plays for insertion.

The first volume of the Beaumont and Fletcher included, besides

* [Since these words were written a new volume has been issued, and now, Thomas Dekker, by Ernest Rhys, has taken its place as the latest issue of the series. It contains *The Shoemaker's Holiday*, *The Honest Whore*—Parts I and II, *Old Fortunatus* and *The Witch of Edmonton*.—Ed.]

the preliminary life, the plays of *The Maid's Tragedy, Philaster, The Wild-Goose Chase, Thierry and Theodoret,* and *The Knight of the Burning Pestle.* To supplement these we now have *A King and no King, Bonduca, The Spanish Curate, The Faithful Shepherdess,* and *Valentinian.* The notes, as heretofore, are numerous, and in the majority of instances exceedingly pertinent. We say in the majority of instances, because such references as

> Consort *i.e.* a company (p. 90).
> Pistolet, a pistole (p. 220), etc.

are certainly self-explanatory, and of no value whatever to the student, and who but a student of the Elizabethan drama, conversant with Nares' *Glossary* and Halliwell's *Dictionary of Obsolete Words,* studies these plays as they should be studied? But it would be unfair to quote these examples and not call attention at the same time to the comprehensive histories of each play prefixed to the respective productions, nor to such careful readings as, for example, pp. 301 and 69 disclose. The notes of Dyce have in some instances been reproduced, but we have found no collations of Theobald, Seward, Sympson, and the other early editors.

The play in this volume possessing the greatest interest to the average Englishman of to-day is probably *The Faithful Shepherdess,* which was one of the open-air plays performed at Coombe under the superintendence of Lady Archibald Campbell, in July, 1885. It is the sole work of Fletcher, and although the first edition has no date, "it was certainly published before the spring of 1610, as Sir William Skipwith, one of the persons to whom it is dedicated, died in May, 1610." The editor concurrs with Halliwell and asserts: "that it was not well received on its first representation is evident from the commendatory verses by Ben Jonson, Chapman, Beaumont, and others, which were prefixed to the play when it was printed." It should be noted, however, that in 1633 it met with better success, and Beaumont was not ignorant of its merits, as his lines prefixed to the 1629 (the second) edition evince. It is impossible to say what edition has been followed by the present editors, we are inclined to think, however, that it must have been a comparatively recent one. This is confirmed by a note

on page 336, and by the fact that in the early copies we find *Actus* and *scena*, italicized songs, and no minute stage-directions.

The volume, like its predecessors, is beautifully printed upon excellent paper, and is embellished with a portrait of Fletcher from a picture in the possession of the Earl of Clarendon.

A Calendar of the Shakespearian Rarities, Drawings, and Engravings, preserved at Hollingbury Copse, near Brighton, London. Privately printed. 1887.

Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps has issued several catalogues of the treasures comprising his collection, but none of them have attained the size of the volume now before us. In a book of nearly two hundred pages the greatest of living Shakespearian critics has described contemporary documents, old plays, manuscripts, engravings, etc., which show a life devoted to indefatigable industry in bringing together over eight hundred of these interesting relics.

The collection can be divided into four distinct divisions: 1. Early engraved portraits of Shakespeare, in which the most important is a copy of the Droeshout portrait in its original proof state before it was altered by an inferior hand into the vitiated form in which it has been so long familiar to the public. 2. Personal relics of the great dramatist, of which Mr. Halliwell possesses the four New Place indentures, and the two original indentures of a fine between the poet and Hercules Underhill that was levied in the year 1602. The original conveyance of Shakespeare's Blackfriars estate (1613), and the transfer of the same (1617–18) are also here. 3. Documentary evidences respecting his estates and individuals who are connected with his biography. In this respect the collection is unusually fine, embracing deeds with the autograph of Sir Thomas Lucy, as well as one witnessed by John Shakespeare, a large number of records of Hathaway families, including several relating to a house at Stratford that unquestionably belonged to relatives of Anne, the Clopton cartulary, and many miscellaneous documents containing signatures of John a'Combe, Thomas Greene, Shakespeare Hart, the Earls of Southampton and Essex, etc., etc. The last division consists of artistic illustrations of localities connected with Shakespeare's personal history. Mr. Halliwell says :—

It is very difficult to meet with pictorial illustrations of the life of Shakespeare that belong to even a small antiquity. With the exception of the very few engravings to be met with in periodicals, in editions of the poet's works, and in Ireland's Warwickshire Avon, and which are sufficiently common, any of the kind which were executed before the commencement of the present century are of exceedingly rare occurrence. The Bodleian Library, so rich in English topography, has none; while in that enormous literary ware-house, the British Museum, there are hardly any of the slightest interest. There are, indeed, only two large and important collections of drawings and engravings illustrative of Shakespearian biography. One of these, that now preserved at the birth-place, was found by the late Mr. W. O. Hunt and myself in years gone by, when we ransacked Stratford-on-Avon and its neighborhood for every relic of the kind. The other, the present one, is all but entirely the result of purchases from other localities. Each collection is, at present, of unique interest, and is likely to remain so. It is not possible that another, of equal value to either, could now be formed, and even many of the engravings and lithographs of forty or fifty years of age are of great rarity, obtainable only by accident.

Mr. Halliwell has included some contemporary publications such as Morley's *Book of Ayres* (1600); the all but unique surreptitious edition of *Pierce Penilesse* (1592); and the unique impression of Lily's *Shorte Introduction to Grammar* (1568), being the edition probably used at the Stratford school during the poet's sojourn at that institution.

For the benefit of those who may not see *The Calendar* (it being privately printed), we append a list of such articles as Mr. Halliwell does not want offers of:—

1. Printed books or tracts of any description whatever that were printed either before the year 1564 or after the year 1660.
2. Painted portraits either of Shakespeare or of any member of his family.
3. Mulberry-tree or Herne's oak relics.
4. Shakespearian engravings that have been published after the year 1660.

A. R. Frey.

Miscellany.

To knit again
This scattered corn into one mutual sheaf.
—*Titus Andronicus*, V, iii, 70.

SHAKESPEARE LECTURES.—Boston is fortunate in possessing two such Shakespearian lecturers as Dr. W. J. Rolfe and Mr. H. A. Clapp to inform and stimulate her studies in Shakespeare.

Mr. Clapp gave the sixth and last of a particularly brilliant and attractive series of lectures at the Lowell Institute, in Boston, on *Cymbeline*, the 18th of November. Mr. Clapp expressed a rather unusual and bold opinion in speaking of the fact that *Cymbeline* belongs with the *Tempest* and *Winter's Tale* to Shakespeare's last creative period. He found, he said, in the degree of contempt for literary form which the poet seemed to have had in his latest plays, an indication that his powers had somewhat waned: while in the plays of the earlier period, to which *Hamlet* and *Othello* belong, he thought the truer relation between form and meaning was manifest. In these plays, though style is of course, inferior to significance, it is made in every way to minister to it. Mr. Clapp said he was glad to be able to assure his hearers that there was good reason to suppose the chimney-sweeper's lines:

Golden girls and lads all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust,

were not Shakespeare's.

Several other good points of the lecture were: Mr. Clapp's reminiscences of Mrs. Kemble's reading and Miss Neilson's acting of this rarely

presented play; his judgment of Arviragus as more poetic of speech than Guiderius; his idea that it was Shakespeare's intention to give Imogen physical delicacy—to show her not hardy and joyous as Rosalind, ardent as Juliet, self-contained and commanding as Hermione, or strong and wise as Portia, but by virtue of the harmony of her nature, and above all, of her surpassing constancy, to make her very near the ideal woman. Iachimo was pictured as a "light-weight villain," and in speaking of the well-known chest scene in Imogen's chamber, Mr. Clapp made the *mot* of the evening when he drew the nice distinction that although the situation is *risqué*, it is not so in the sense that a French situation usually is, for in a French play it is seldom *risqué* unless it is already *perdu*.

Dr. Rolfe's series of Shakespeare lectures began later and are now in progress each Saturday morning at the New England Conservatory. In his first lecture, Nov. 26th, Dr. Rolfe spoke of the unusual interest in Shakespeare's life now stirred, probably in some degree, by the popular curiosity concerning Mr. Donnelly's book. He showed clearly how unauthorized and extreme are the Baconian statements urged upon the public in support of the special plea made. In respect to Shakespeare's hand-writing and MSS., he spoke of the five authorized autographs of Shakespeare which can furnish nothing against him when compared with the hand-writing of other great men of that age, and of the fact that if no Shakespeare MSS. were left, neither did Milton leave but few, and Spenser none. Moreover, he said, we have positive evidence that Shakespeare's MSS. were turned directly over to the actors, they became the property of the company, they were carried about in actors' pockets, they ran countless risks of loss and mutilation, and as plays were not considered as literature in Shakespeare's time, and as reference to the old title-pages will show that all but one (the first part of *Henry IV*, it is otherwise known, was acted again and again) had been acted on the stage, it is scarcely strange that the collection the actors of his company made for him after his death was full of blunders.

One feels like adding to this summary by Dr. Rolfe, of the well-founded facts so often perverted, the complementary argument that

had the plays been written by Bacon, some careful copy would have been kept safe from theatrical vicissitudes, and had the collection of 1623 been made by Bacon, its mob of blunders must have been righted. Every error in that precious folio speaks aloud for its stage history, its Shakespearian authorship, and its careless seventeenth century printing by unscholarly hands.

Dr. Rolfe, in his second lecture, Dec. 3d, considered the school training and domestic life of Shakespeare, and showed how, in spite of the impersonality of the poet's writings, one can not fail to catch from them a spirit and tone of the worthiest character that must certify of the man. The 146th Sonnet is a personal utterance of the poet that has the pith of seven sermons, he said, and he quoted Henry Morley's saying that Shakespeare's works were a lay Bible, not by chance, but of set purpose, and Dr. Adam Clarke's remark that the man who had not read Shakespeare should have public prayers put up for him.

The remaining lectures of the course will treat of Shakespeare as a writer and author, of the development of his mind, of Shakespearian criticism, of the Baconian theory, and of the general character and grouping of the plays.

Henry Irving's Philadelphia Lecture.—The members of the Contemporary Club and their guests seated Tuesday morning, the 21st of December, in the Union League Annex, in Philadelphia, seemed to show, through the low-rustling, chatting expectancy, common to all well-bred audiences, a feeling of especial zest and interest in the approaching address by the great English actor of the day on "English Actors" of a by-gone day. And when Mr. Irving's tall form, almost sparely fleshed, and his well-known keen, yet very gentle face showed itself on the low platform behind a slight wire-rest that held his lecture, it was clearly evident that Mr. Irving's presence and personality, as well as his fame, were the attractive causes of the general sympathy and attention of his audience. The address was the same as that delivered last year at the University of Oxford, on the 26th of June, of which important extracts were given at the time in Shakespeariana (August, 1886, pp. 381–4). Burbage, Betterton, Garrick, and Kean were sketched as representative of their art as the four

greatest champions, each in his respective time, of nature instead of artificialty. Mr. Irving seemed to wish to express his own dramatic anon, and that which has made the supreme greatness of the Shakespearian and Elizabethan drama, in his dictum that "nature should dominate art, but art should interpret nature."

In the course of speaking of Betterton and the hospitality he allowed himself, agreeably with the humor of his time, to entertain toward the small plays of the day, his remarks glanced on the practical policy and detailed managerial care which have played so large a part in securing his own success. These were, probably, important interpolations in the Oxford lecture, and they may well be recorded as considerations of especial weight and timeliness. Said Mr. Irving:—

It was something to be thankful for, that at the time when the highly-flavored comedies of Wycherley and Congreve were all the vogue, and when the monotonous profligacy of nearly all the characters introduced into those plays was calculated to encourage the most artificial style of acting, it was something, I say, to be thankful for that at such a time Betterton and one or two other actors could infuse life into the noblest creations of Shakespeare. Owing, more especially, to Betterton's powers the tragedy of *Hamlet* held its own popularity, even against such witty productions as *Love for Love.*

I may here add that the censure said to have been directed against Betterton for the introduction of scenery is the prototype of that cry which we hear so often nowadays against over-claboration in the arrangements of the stage. If it be a crime against good taste to endeavor to enlist every art in the service of the stage, and to heighten the effect of noble poetry by surrounding it with the most beautiful and appropriate accessories, I myself must plead guilty to that charge. But I should like to point out that every dramatist who has ever lived, from Shakespeare downwards, has always endeavored to get his plays put on the stage with as good effect and as handsome appointments as were possible. Indeed, the Globe Theatre was burned down during the first performance of *Henry VIII*, through the firing off of a cannon which announced the arrival of *King Henry.* Some might regard this as a judgment against the manager for such an attempt at realism.

It was seriously suggested to me by an enthusiast the other day that costumes of Shakespeare's time should be used for all Shakespeare's plays. I reflected a little on the suggestion and then I put it to him whether the characters in *Julius Cæsar* or in *Antony and Cleopatra* dressed in doublet and hose would not look rather out of place. He answered, 'he had never thought of that.' In fact, difficulties almost innumerable must in-

variably crop up if we attempt to represent plays without appropriate costume and scenery, the aim of which is to realize the locale of the action. I do not contend that a well-acted play could not be effective without the accessories of the modern theatre. For myself I could thoroughly appreciate *Hamlet* in a frockcoat before a set of tapestry hangings, but the prejudice is in favor of costume and scenery, and practically their value has ceased to be a matter of opinion. They are dictated by the public taste of the day, not by the desire for mere display, but that demand for truth in detail which has grown with the development of art in all its phases.

MR. GOSSE ON THE BACON CIPHER.—Mr. G. P. Lathrop has received from Mr. Gosse the following letter referring to his "Stop Careless Youthe," which appeared in *The Critic* of Oct. 29.

Trinity College, Cambridge, November 18, 1887.

DEAR MR. LATHROP:—I have been excessively diverted with your article on "Stop Careless Youthe." Indubitably you prove your point, and in future it stands among the masterpieces of the Baconian pseudo-Shakespeare. I have given your article to Dr. Aldis Wright, our greatest living Shakespearian, and know that he will be as much amused as I am. You have selected the exact proper way to treat this folly. Ridicule and criticism by parody are the only weapons fit to be used against such adversaries. I was talking a few days ago about the whole matter with our Shakespeare veteran, Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, and found that he quite agreed with me that either entire silence or a peal of Rabelaisian laughter was the only notice they deserve. These Malvolios of criticism, as you will have noticed, are so puffed up with their tricky ingenuity that they forget that they know nothing of the literature or the biography in which the work and career of Shakespeare are set. They know nothing of Ben Jonson, whose existing statements absolutely knock their theories on the head; they do not seem to have ever seen a real Elizabethan book; in short, they are engaging in a fight without swords or guns or powder.

Not a single adherent of any weight has joined the Baconian party here. A few persons who believe that we are the ten tribes, and that Arthur Orton was Sir Roger Tichborne, and that Tennyson's sister was the author of *In Memoriam*,—people for whom evidence does not

exist, and who love paradox for its own sake,—form the whole Baconian schism over here. How is it with you? The best I can say about your "Stop Careless Youthe" is, that Shakespeare would have split his sides over it, and that Bacon would have proved that he could not write the "Comedies" by being unable to see any humor in it. Sincerely yours,

EDMUND GOSSE.

—*The Critic*, December 10, 1887.

HENRY IRVING AT STRATFORD.—During Mr. Irving's recent visit to Stratford in connection with the dedication of the Childs fountain, the following conversation was overheard between two Irish laborers:

First Paddy.—Why, then, who's this Misther Erven that there's so much talk about? Is he for Gladstone?

Second Paddy.—Oche, he's not in that way at-all at-all.

First P.—What countryman is he?

Second P.—He's a Yankee, I b'lieve. At layst he comes from thim parts.

First P.—What is he, thin?

Second P.—Why, he's a play-acthor that plays the divil in the Musayum Thayather up there in the Sthrand in London, and I'm tould it's raal awful to see him with the fire shooting out of him and all round him.

First P.—Oh! and what's he goen for to do?

Second P.—To turn on the new wather-works, down there at Stratford.

First P.—Well, that'll be doing some good, anyhow.

And so the colloquy ended, with the cheering idea that the "divil" could so far forget himself as to meddle with the unfriendly element.

AN AMERICAN REPRESENTATIVE THEATRE.—The public-spiritedness that is now so often displayed in the foundation and endowment of libraries, museums and art galleries might be also attracted towards a representative theatre, if associated as it certainly ought to be, with a

conservatoire or training-school. Though such a donation should not be obtainable at the start, the foundation and proper carrying out of the enterprise by a stock company would undoubtedly be followed by many valuable legacies.

The great need of the American stage is a theatre the policy of which shall not be guided solely by the desire of money-making; where the manager shall not be debarred from engaging a valuable actor, because he can not feel sure of his availability for every play; where the programme is frequently changed, a repertory gradually formed, and where alone, in the metropolis at least, its successes could be seen. (The modern system of hawking round plays at the cheap theatres, after they have obtained one run at the higher-priced places, is responsible for the failure of several managers who, had they kept their property uncheapened, could have always reckoned upon successful revivals.) To this theatre should be attached a training-school, with the principal actors and actresses as instructors; and the most promising graduates should be absorbed, as rapidly as consistent with reasonable economy into the regular company. . . . In many respects no better basis could be chosen for the foundation of a representative theatre than that of the *Comédie Française.* The selection of plays should rest with the manager, assisted by a limited number of the company. A financial interest should be given to certain members after a specified time of service, and retiring pensions should also be allotted. To gather a splendid company for a theatre so conducted would not be difficult. Many of our "stars," who are now compelled to travel, would gladly embrace the chance of once more having homes. It is an open secret that Mr. Booth and Mr. Jefferson are weary of their enforced nomadic life, and contemplate speedy and well-earned retirement. But in all probability, both would be glad to act occasionally in such a theatre, where the frequent changes of programme would not necessitate their appearing every night. That they might also be relied on to assist the students by advice and illustration I am confident, though they would shrink probably from the labors of regular tuition. Mr. Lawrence Barrett, who is excelled by none in his devotion to and study of his art, and who has done more

than any tragedian of the last decade to introduce new and revive meritorious old plays, is known to be desirous of establishing himself in the metropolis and would be willing doubtless to merge his individual aspirations into those of the founders and company of a representative theatre.

JULIAN MAGNUS, November *North American Review.*

SHAKESPEARE'S CYMBELINE AND TENBY.—Probably no inquiry or research among Shakespearian students possesses a greater interest than that which endeavors to elucidate the localities visited by Shakespeare as an actor, and upon a recent visit to Tenby I was much impressed with a claim which I found had been advanced that the principal scene in Cymbeline, the cave of Belarius, was in the immediate vicinity of the town. It will be remembered that Shakespeare's cave was in or near a wood, and also near the main road to Milford Haven. Such is the position even to the present day of the cave known as Hoyle's mouth. An inspection of the cave and neighborhood at once suggests the fitness and probability of the theory, but on more serious examination it is surprising how facts as well as probabilities confirm the impression. The high-road from Tenby to Milford Haven is one of great antiquity. It is one of the old ridge ways which have existed from the Roman occupation; the only road, in fact, which could have been taken. Leaving Tenby, it winds round what was almost the sea shore, a vast tract of sea having, in recent times, been reclaimed. About a mile from Tenby, and a short distance from the road, still obscured in the wood, and still to be found only by some perseverance, is the cave which, doubtless, was originally formed by the washing of the sea. Time has added to the deposit upon its floor, and necessitated the removal of portions at various times.

But when the probability of Shakespeare being intimately acquainted with the cave is examined, it will be found that probability becomes almost a certainty. The importance of the fortified town of Tenby in Elizabeth's day (and the walls are in great part still standing) leaves no room for doubt that the companies of players would periodi-

cally proceed thither in their customary travels. This is rendered more certain still from the fact that it lay upon the only road to Carew Castle, Pembroke Town, Castle Manobier, and other strongholds, and even to St. David's, Haverfordwest, etc. That Shakespeare, therefore, not only visited Tenby, but passed and re-passed along the old road over the ridgeway with his company few will question, and when it is considered that these visits were not of a hurried, flying character, but that his stay would be of sufficient length to enable him to fully investigate the surroundings of this remarkable neighborhood, and fit in its chief features with his historical imagination, one cannot but contemplate this remarkable cave with the deepest interest. Although not very conversant with the neighborhood, I think I may safely assert that there is no other cavern existing upon this road to suggest even a doubt, and the suggestions of the plot of Cymbeline confidently convey the impression that the cave was near the road by which all the characters were obliged to approach Milford.

I know not if the records of Tenby are preserved, or whether they would prove the players' visits, but, whether they would or not, probabilities in this case are all in favor of Shakespeare's intimate acquaintance with the cave, and that he fitted his story to its peculiar position. The presumed date of the play, 1609, also agrees with the plausibility of the theory.—J. Hill, *Stratford Herald.*

Curious Criticisms on Shakespeare.—George III. declared that Shakespeare was poor stuff, an opinion in which Mr. Samuel Pepys would probably have coincided, for that indefatigable playgoer calls *Romeo and Juliet* the worst play that he ever saw, and *Twelfth Night* "but a silly play not at all relating to the name or day." *Macbeth* only appeals to him as "a most excellent play for variety," and in a similar strain he discourses of other of the plays; but perhaps his most curious criticism is delivered upon the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, which he goes to see for the first time and is so dissatisfied with that he declares he will never see it again, 'for it is the most insipid, ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life.'

But Pepys only reflected the taste, or want of taste, of his time. His brother diarist, Evelyn, remarks in reference to a performance of *Hamlet:* "But now the old plays began to disgust this refined age, since his Majesties being so long abroad." The reign of the comedy of wit and intrigue had begun. Addison, although he devoted himself in the *Spectator* to the exposition and defence of Milton, yet actually left Shakespeare unnamed in the *Account of the Greatest English Poets*, which he addressed to Sacheverell. After this example it is hardly surprising to find a book called the *Golden Medley* published in 1720, informing its readers that "if it had not been for Shakespeare's *Tempest* he would scarce have been allowed a place among the dramatick poets."

Dr. Johnson once astonished his hearers by declaring that a description of a temple in Congreve's *Mourning Bride* was the finest he knew—finer than anything in Shakespeare. Garrick protested, but in vain, for the Doctor was not to be moved. . . . The late Professor F. D. Maurice says in one of his works that when Scott has told us what our ancestors *wore*, Shakespeare will tell us what they *were.—Some Curiosities in Criticism.* June *Temple Bar.*

A Letter from Ben Jonson.—A very interesting holograph letter by Ben Jonson will be sold shortly at auction by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson. It is many years since a letter written by "rare Ben" has been sold, and no doubt it will fetch a good sum. The following is a full copy of the document:—

Juli 21, 1623.

My dear frende,—I hope the papers I sente bi mi Cousin arrived safe, and that they may be advantagious to you. I have met wyth 2 very interesting books laterly which I will lend to you as soon as I can convenyintly spare them. My Neighbor Mayster Lee has finished building his house which is of a very fair constructio' but hardly capacious enough I think for his large family. Ouer ye dore he has caused to be cut on a stone

BARTHOLOMEW : LEE : BVILDED MEE :
IN : 1623.

Hoping this may meet you in goode health as it leaves mee

Your Huble friend and Servant

Ben Jonson.

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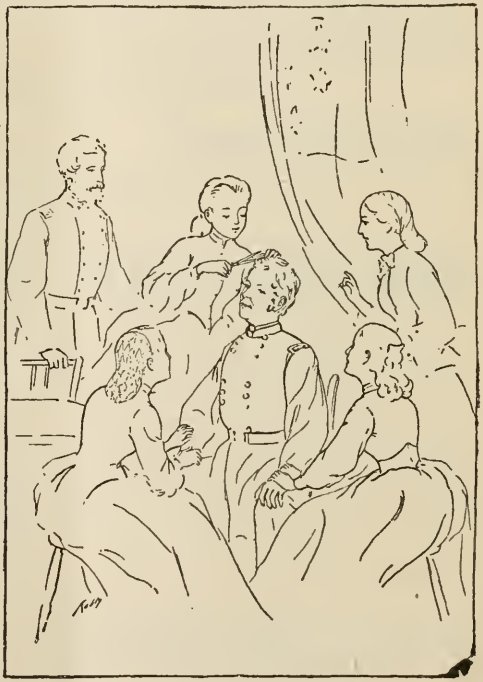

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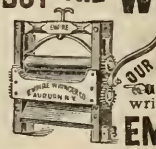

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